"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No 8.—VOL. XX.] AUGUST, 1876. [NEW SERIES.—PRICE 1½d.

Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

WHITHER GOING.—An American paper says concerning the defection of some families from the Unitarian Church, "The original Unitarianism, as all remember, was of a comparatively mild type; and when in subsequent years, the more radical and anti-Christ doctrine was preached, they could no longer sympathise with it, and so withdrew from the Church." We hear this is true of some families in our own land as well as in America.

MR. MOODY.—This distinguished Revivalist has at times a sharp, bright way of putting a point. One of his recent sayings is to a sexton, that people can be religious in bad air. We recollect at Camberwell, when there was some fear of a rush to the door in one of his meetings, and the fatal results that might have occurred. He at once warned the people against leaving their seats in a way that checked them, and told the frightened ladies it was no use fainting, for no one could attend to them. The way in which he gave this counsel probably saved the lives of not a few.

NOVEL WRITING.—We have all heard of the immense sums of money which have been realised at times by great singers or actors. By the side of these we understand that Geo. Eliot may be placed as having made a very substantial fortune by her novels. "Adam Bede" was the first of them which made her feel sure of her own powers, and she declined to part with the copyright, but arranged for a royalty upon it; and this has brought her in £1500. She is said to have received £12,000 for "Daniel Deronda," and has made an arrangement for a future percentage which is likely to yield her £4000 more. Most persons will think that £16,000 is a good deal more than the book is worth, and in all probability rumour has greatly exaggerated the real amount. She is said to have amassed nearly £40,000 from her writings.

THE FATAL TRICK.—A singular murder case is pending at the Cudapan Sessions, in India, in which the accused, being assured by a juggler that he could shoot at him with a loaded musket, without the slightest fear of hurting him, took him at his word and fired. The ball penetrated the juggler's brain, killing him instantly.

THE TEMPER OF THE POPE.—The Protestant world will be surprised and sorry to learn that the Pope's reputation for gentleness and amiability is something aside from the fact. However Pius may be related to Peter, he gives no token of acquaintance with Jesus. The Saviour's words, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you," must have dropped out of his Bible, or his memory. The Italian Government and its followers are called "wolves," "perfidious," "Pharisees," "Philistines," "thieves," "revolutionists," "Jacobins," "sectarians," "liars," "hypocrites," "impious," "children of Satan, of perdition, of sin," "enemies of God," "satellites of Satan in human flesh," "monsters of hell, demons incarnate," "men issued from the pits of hell."

INBORN SINS.—Many are the arguments and illustrations which confuse this doctrine. If we are by nature totally depraved, averse to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil, nothing can be more untrue than the ditty so often taught to children, by parents whose creeds contain this doctrine:—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

"But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

Now, if children are born totally depraved and wholly inclined to all evil, it is their nature just as much as it is that of bears and dogs to bite and fight; and the hymn, to be consistent with the creed, should read, "Your little finger-nails were made to tear each other's eyes."

In answer to a question, we put last month, about the "Wedding Ring," a friend writes: "In the Roman Catholic Church, the practice is to put the ring on the thumb or *first* finger in the name of the Father, on the *second* in the name of the Son, on the *third* in the name of the Holy Ghost, and then, lastly, on the *fourth* finger, saying, Amen."

An M.P. in the Pulpit.—We are always glad to hear of laymen, in every church as opportunity serves, preaching religion to the people. But we were very much pained to read the utterance of one of our Commoners some time ago in the capacity of preacher. He was somewhat dramatic and terrible in his picture of the death-bed of an impenitent man:—"His children sobbing, his wife shuddering in her inmost soul at the thought of the dreadful impending doom. Then a spirit unseen enters that chamber door with noiseless footfall; then another, and another. Who are they? They are not angels, nor spirits of just men made perfect. The form of the Lord Jesus is not amongst them. Who are they, then? See! each dark disfigured form is charred and blackened by the fires of hell! They are devils, come to bear his soul to hell. The sands of life run out, and closer draw the ghastly throng, and as the realities of the spirit world are opened out before the dying man, he sees these spirits wait, and with one last cry—the death-shriek of a damned soul—his spirit enters hell."

An Authorised Creed.—We are not unfrequently asked to place before the Church and the world an authorised statement of Unitarian opinions, with some account of limits and conditions of Unitarian fellowship. We can do no such thing. All who profess themselves Unitarians and disciples of Jesus Christ, we feel, at least for ourselves, bound to give them the right-hand of fellowship. We remember the words of Chillingworth, who was a fair exponent of the principle of true protestantism. "The presumptuous imposing the meanings of men upon the words of God, and laying them upon men's consciences together under the equal penalty of death and damnation; the vain conceit that we can speak of the things of God, better than in the words of God; this deifying our own interpretations, and tyrannous enforcing them upon others; this restraining the word of God from its latitude and generality, and the understanding of men from that liberty wherein Christ and his apostles had left them; is and hath been the only foundation of all the schisms in the Church, and that which makes them immortal."

Summer.—This season of the year should never be allowed to pass without the human soul drinking in the bounty of beauty and goodness scattered all around. We would observe of that which is delightful to any of the senses, lose not the opportunity of feeling its force. "Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him very earnestly with your eyes. It is a charming draught, a cup of blessing."

Missionary Effort.—A religious exchange gives the following dialogue on the subject of giving to Foreign Missions:—"I don't believe in foreign missions, and I won't give anything except to home missions; I want what I give to benefit my neighbours." "Well," replied Dr. Skinner, "whom do you regard as your neighbours?" "Why those around me," replied the brother. "Do you mean those whose land joins yours?" inquired Dr. Skinner. "Yes." "Well," said Dr. Skinner, "how much land do you own?' "About 500 acres." "How far down do you own?" inquired Dr. Skinner. "Why I never thought of it before, but I suppose I own half way through." "Exactly," said Dr. Skinner. "I suppose you do, and I want this money for the Chinese—the men whose land joins yours on the bottom." The hardened brother had never thought of that, and gave a good sum for the cause of foreign missions.

Getting ready to leave Church.—We trust our people may never be open to the rebuke administered by an orthodox paper, in the following words, on the indecent haste some people show to get out of their churches or chapels. The writer observes:—"If, instead of the closing hymn, some of the ministers should, at the close of the service, give the orders; 'Attention, worshippers! For hats, dive! For overcoats go! Jerk, twist, plunge! Make yourselves ridiculous all!' the effect would hardly be a variation from the present style of getting ready to go out of church. The singing of the doxology seems to be the signal for a general putting on and adjustment, and when the benediction is about to be pronounced, the ruffled congregation look more like jumping out of the windows or, uniting in a crushing and crowding race for the doors, than listening to the solemn words of the good pastor. At one of our well-filled churches, on Sunday evening, it was observed that at least every third man was going through these ridiculous motions while the services were closing, although the sermon had been excellent. Why do not people wait until the proper time to do these things? There is a time for everything, but that time does not always occur during church services."

SMILES FOR HOME.

"TAKE that home with you, dear," said Mrs. Lewis, her manner half smiling, half serious.

"Take what home, Caddy?" and Mr. Lewis turned towards his wife seriously.

Now, Mrs. Lewis had spoken from the moment's impulse, and already partly regretted her remark.

"Take what home?" repeated her husband. "I don't understand you."

"That smiling face you turned upon Mr. Edwards, when you answered his question just now."

Mr. Lewis slightly averted his head, and walked on in silence. They had called in at the shop of Mr. Edwards to purchase a few articles, and were now on their way home. There was no smile on the face of Mr. Lewis now, but a very grave expression instead—grave almost to sternness. The words of his wife had taken him altogether by surprise; and, though spoken lightly, had jarred upon his ears.

The truth was, Mr. Lewis, like a great many other men who have their business cares and troubles, was in the habit of bringing home a sober, and, too often, a clouded face. It was in vain that his wife and children looked into that face for sunshine, or listened to his words for tones of cheerfulness.

"Take that home with you, dear." Mrs. Lewis was already repenting this suggestion, made on the moment's impulse. Her husband was sensitive to a fault. He could not bear even an implied censure from his wife. And so she had learned to be very guarded in this particular.

"Take that home with you, dear! Ah me! I wish the words had not been said. There will be darker clouds now, and goodness knows they were dark enough before. Why can't Mr. Lewis leave his cares and business behind him, and let us see the old, pleasant, smiling face again? I thought, this morning, that he had forgotten how to smile; but I see that he *can* smile, if he tries. Ah! why doesn't he try at home."

So Mrs. Lewis talked to herself as she moved along by the side of her husband, who had not spoken a word since her reply to his query, "Take what home?" Square after square was passed, and street after street crossed, and still there was silence.

"Of course," said Mrs. Lewis, speaking in her own thoughts, "of course he is offended. He won't bear a word from me. I might have known beforehand talking out in this way would only make things worse. Oh, dear! I'm getting out of all heart!"

"What then, Caddy?"

Mrs. Lewis almost started at the sound of her husband's voice, breaking unexpectedly upon her ear, in a softened tone.

"What then?" he repeated, turning towards her, and looking down in her shyly upturned face.

"It would send warmth and radiance through the whole house," said Mrs. Lewis, her tones all trembling with feeling.

"You think so?"

"I know so! Only try it, dear, for this evening."

"It isn't so easy a thing, Caddy, to put on a smiling face, when thought is oppressed by care."

"It didn't seem to require much effort just now," said Mrs. Lewis, glancing up at her husband, with something of archness in her look.

Again a shadow dropped down on the face of Mrs. Lewis, which was again partly turned away; and again they walked on in silence.

"He is so sensitive!" Mrs. Lewis said to herself, the shadow of her husband's face darkening over her own. "I have to be as careful of my words as if talking to a spoiled child."

No, it did not require much effort on the part of Mr. Lewis to smile, as he exchanged a few words lightly, with Mr. Edwards. The remark of his wife had not really displeased him; it had only set him to thinking. After remaining gravely silent, because he was undergoing a brief self-examination, Mr. Lewis replied:

"You thought the smile given to Mr. Edwards came easily enough?"

"It did not seem to require much of an effort," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"No, not much effort was required,"

said Mr. Lewis. His tones were slightly depressed. "But this must be taken into account: my mind was in a certain state of excitement or activity, that repressed sober feeling, and made smiling an easy thing. So we smile and we are gay in company at a cost of little effort, because all are smiling and gay, and we feel the common infection of excitement. How different it often is when we are alone I need not say. You, Caddy, are guilty of the sober face at home as well as your husband."

"But the sober face is caught from yours oftener than you imagine, my husband," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"Are you certain of that, Caddy?"

"Very certain. You make the sunlight and shadow of your home. Smile upon us; give us cheerful words; enter into our feelings and interests, and there will be no brighter home in the land. A shadow on your countenance is a veil for my heart; and the same is true as respects our children. Our pulses strike too nearly in unison not to be disturbed when yours has lost its even beat."

Again Mr. Lewis walked on in silence, his face partly averted; and again his wife began to fear that she had spoken too freely. But he soon dispelled this impression, for he said:

"I am glad, Caddy, that you have spoken plainly. I only wish that you had done so before. I see how it is. My smiles have been for the outside world—the world that neither loved nor regarded me—and my clouded brow for the dear ones at home, for whom thought and care are ever-living activities."

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were now at their own door, where they paused a moment, and then went in. Instantly on passing the threshold, Mr. Lewis felt the pressure upon him of his usual state. The hue of his feelings began to change. The cheerful interested exterior, put on for those he met in business intercourse, began rapidly to change, and a sober hue to succeed. Like most business men, his desire for profitable results was even far in advance of the slow evolutions of trade; nd his daily history was a history of isappointments, in some measure dependent upon his restless anticipation. He was not as willing to work and wait as he should be; and, like many of his class, neglected the pearls that lay here and there along his life path, because they were inferior in value to those he hoped to find just a little way in advance. The consequence was, that when the day's business excitement was over, his mind fell into a brooding state, and lingered over its disappointments, or looked forward with failing hope in the future—for hope, in many things, had been long deferred. And so he rarely had smiles for his home.

"Take that home with you, dear," whispered Mrs. Lewis, as they advanced along the passage, and before they had joined the family. She had an instinctive consciousness that her husband was in danger of relapsing into his usual state.

This warning was just in time.

"Thank you for the words," said he, "I will not forget them."

And he did not; but at once rallied himself, and, to the glad surprise of Jenny, Will, and Mary, met them with a new face, covered with fatherly smiles, and with pleasant questions, in pleasant tones, of their day's employments. The feelings of children move in quick transitions. They had not expected a greeting like this; but the response was instant. Little Jennie climbed into her father's arms. Will came and stood by his chair, answering, in lively tones, his questions; while Mary, older by a few years than the rest, leaned against her father's shoulder, and laid her white hand softly upon his head, smoothing back the dark hair, just showing little frost, from his broad and manly temples.

A pleasant group was this for the eyes of Mrs. Lewis, as she came forth from her chamber to the sitting-room, where she had gone to lay off her bonnet and shawl, and change her dress. Well did her husband understand the meaning look she gave him; and warmly did her heart respond to the smile he threw back upon her.

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver," said Mr. Lewis, speaking to her as she came in.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mary, looking curiously into her father's face.

"Mother understands," replied Mr. Lewis, smiling tenderly upon his wife.

"Something pleasant must have happened," said Mary.

"Something pleasant? Why do you say that?" said Mr. Lewis.

"You and mother look so happy," replied the child.

"And we have cause to be happy," answered the father, as he drew his arm tightly around her, "in having three such good children."

Mary laid her cheek to his, and whispered, "If you are smiling and happy, dear father, home will be like heaven!"

Mr. Lewis kissed her, but did not reply. He felt a rebuke in the words. But the rebuke did not throw a chill over his feelings; it only gave a new strength to his purposes.

"Don't distribute all your smiles. Keep a few of the warmest and brightest for home," said Mrs. Lewis, as she parted with her husband on the next morning. He kissed her, but did not promise. The smiles were kept, however, and evening saw them, though not for the outside world. Other, and many evenings saw the same cheerful smiles, and the same happy home.

GOOD POINTS.

God is the Father of all men; therefore his government is paternal, and must find its comparison not in courts and gaols, but in the homes and nurseries of good fathers and mothers.

2. Man's nature is essentially good, his evil character being not a total corruption, but, further, a partial corruption of that nature.

3. The great evil from which man needs deliverance is not a place called hell, but a condition of sin: not from the vengeance of God, but from its sin-bruised state; not from punishment but from sin.

4. Retribution is no expression of God's aversion to the sinner; but is, on the contrary, a method of his love. Its purpose includes the sinner's good.

5. Sinners are saved by the grace of God—not by punishment (which is merely an incident and aid in the work of grace); not by what Christ has done for the sinner, but by what he does in and through the sinner.

LIGHT THE SYMBOL OF SALVATION.

If we are in darkness and suffer all the inconveniences and encounter all the difficulties and dangers of the night; if we have strayed from the paths of safety, the smooth and pleasant paths that, followed, would bring us directly to shelter, security and comfort, there is only one thing for us to do; and that is, to obtain light or guidance which shall reveal to us the perils of our situation, the increasing evils to which it leads, and open to us the avenues by which we may get back to the highway of safety.

A thousand people may come into the darkness where we are, and encounter the same difficulties and dangers which beset us; but that will do us no good. They cannot take our burden, they cannot remove our anxiety of mind, or the wounds of our body gotten by frequent falls and rough contact with objects hidden by the darkness. They may suffer in the same way, but that does not save us from suffering, nor ease the pain of our bruises. Their darkness does not make light for us; nor do their falls make us stand more firmly. How, then, can they be of any help to us?

They can help us, and deliver us, only by leading us out from our perils and sorrows, or by giving us light by which we may make our way into a region of safety. There is no such thing possible as substitution.

And so it is with the salvation by Christ. He is the source of light and knowledge; he shows us the way, and goes before us; he removes the darkness away from us by causing the truth to shine into our hearts. He enlightens our understandings, and illuminates the benighted soul by pouring into it the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and gathering upon it the beauties of the heavenly land.

He does not give us his light in exchange for our darkness. He does

not suffer in his own person the hindrances and evils from which he delivers us. He does not walk through the night of sin, and struggle with the sorrows and dangers of a wicked life, in order to save us from them, or that we may escape them. Nor does he suffer in any way the equivalent of these as our substitute, standing in our stead. The figure in review, and the title given him as "the light of the world," are wholly inconsistent with the principle of vicarious suffering.

He lets the light of divine revelation fall upon us, and discovers to us our ignorance, our sinfulness, our ingratitude, our perils, and the path leading to destruction; and then he shows us the glory of God, the goodness of God, His fatherly love for us, the nature and aim of His laws, the beauty and the joy of righteousness, and points out to us the path that leads upward into the eternal splendours.

Thus he puts away our blindness of mind and hardness of heart, the ignorance and evil influences which lead us astray, seducing us into the forbidden paths of sin, farther and farther away from God and good. He makes the paths of our feet smooth and pleasant, and brightens the gloom about us into the promise of a glorious day. By his exhibition of divine compassion, by his own tenderness and pity, he subdues the heart into penitence for the wrong and shame of the past; and while the tears of regret and sorrow fall fast and thick, he lets in the sunshine of God's love upon them; and lo, the rainbow of the promised redemption lifts its beautiful arch above us, uniting earth and heaven in one. Such is the nature and the method of the salvation which Christ brings to the sinful soul.

GALLIO.

THE name of Gallio occurs but once in the Scripture history, yet it has become proverbial for religious indifference, just as Alexander for ambition, or Nero for cruelty. Yet Gallio must be considered as a type of the educated men of his time, of those who having thrown aside "all that the nurse, and all the priest had taught," and laughing to scorn the popular superstition, found nothing better than to take refuge in a cold barren infidelity, though they were very careful not to make too public their rejection of the commonly received faith, a subject which, to use the words of a celebrated historian, was regarded as equally true by the vulgar, equally false by the philosopher, and equally useful by the magistrate. Thus Festus spake contemptuously of "one Jesus, who was dead, but whom Paul affirmed to be alive;" a thing of no importance, one way or the other: no wonder, then, that Gallio, a disciple of the same school, cared for none of these things. Both he and Festus regarded all such questions as utterly beneath their regards.

Gallio was a person of considerable importance in his day; he was nearly related to Seneca, the well-known philosopher, and to Lucan, no less renowned as a poet. He is spoken of as a good-tempered as well as an upright man, and such a disposition would be quite consistent with a backwardness to interfere in any religious controversy. He was high in office under the Roman Government—the pro-consul of a considerable province; and having great, almost absolute power, not much restrained by popular opinion. It was before his judgment seat that Paul was brought by his inveterate enemies the Jews, whilst the charge they preferred against him came with singular inappropriateness from their lips. "This fellow persuadeth men to worship God contrary to the law." What had the civil magistrate to do with that? And so Gallio, in effect, told them, for he thus replies, "If it were a matter of wrong, or wicked lewdness, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you; but if it be a question of words, and of names, and of your law, look ye to it, for I will be no judge of such matters." He saw, and at once, the irrelevancy of the charge, together with the malice which prompted its utterance, and so he peremptorily dismissed it. Well and bravely done, Gallio! This must be the exclamation of every lover of truth and candour; hence his decision has been hailed and made a fertile theme of approval by

many liberal Biblical commentators. Yet there is, as it would appear, another and a more unfavourable side to the character of Gallio's proceedings. We mean as to what subsequently took place, and before the court might be said to have been broken up—the beating of Sosthenes before the judgment-seat, in the immediate view of the pro-consul. Anything more indecorous, and more likely to bring the administration of justice into evil repute we cannot conceive. It was a high contempt of the majesty of the law, and as such should have been promptly and sternly rebuked by him who was the law's appointed guardian and representative. What would be thought of the toleration of the like riotous practices in any court of Christendom now? Or of a magistrate on the bench, sitting and looking calmly on on the surging crowd below, dealing out blows on one who had in any way offended them! Gallio was right in not suffering religious matters to be made a subject of dispute before a civil tribunal; wrong, very wrong in leaving one party to maltreat the other in opposition to law, to decency, and to the public peace, which he was under the strongest obligation to keep, and to cause others to keep, whole and perfect.

But "Gallio cared for none of these things," and we have here the key to his conduct throughout this memorable transaction. He had no taste for religious investigation—no desire to involve himself in what seemed to him useless disputations. Those who liked them might indulge their fancies. He envied not their enjoyments, only let them keep all matters of the kind to themselves and not disturb his serenity. Gallio was an Erastian in principle—though he lived many centuries before the learned and amiable Swiss physician had written on the subject of the relations between the Church and the State, and which gave birth to the still famous and admired system, known as Erastianism. He was chronologically in advance of the Bolingbrokes and Burkes, the Humes and Gibbons of later ages. Men who regarded religion more as an engine of State than as a matter sacred between God and the individual conscience, and who upheld it as a means of governing the masses, without much concern as to its spirit or its influence on the heart.

"Gallio's indifference to religious questions," writes an able and venerable Unitarian expositor, "is characteristic of Roman philosophy, and is now not without its counterpart even among professed followers of Him who was born, suffered, and died, to bear witness to the truth." Gallios there have been in all times, in every Church—those who plead for inaction when the call to be up and doing is unmistakeable; who, like the trembling Jews returning from the captivity, plaintively cry, "The time for the building of the temple of the Lord is not come." They seem to forget that the wisdom from above is first pure and then peaceable, and that peace is ill purchased at the expense of principle. There are Gallios, who tell us that all religions are alike, and more than intimate that no religion is best of all. There are Gallios who, professing to uphold establishments, have been very properly described as buttresses without the Church, but not pillars within. There are Gallios who, care for nothing but the honours and emoluments of a State religion, or who, having been born within its pale and brought up under its influences, have never given one quarter of an hour's consideration as to the truth or falsehood of what they have been told. "There are," remarks a keen observer, "a number of bad *isms* among us, but the worst of all is indifferen*tism*."

REST AT LAST.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
Silver stars when the day is done.
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.
After the clouds, the violet sky;
Quiet woods when the wind goes by.
After the tempest, the lull of the waves;
After the battle, peaceful graves.
After the knell, the wedding bells;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells.
After the bud, the radiant rose;
After our weeping, sweet repose.
After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the furrow, the waking seed.
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the shadowy river—rest.

THE AUTHORITY OF JESUS.

THERE are different kinds of authority which a teacher may possess. There is, in the first place, the authority of office —official authority. The teacher of a school, the professor in a college, the judge on the bench, the preacher in the pulpit, the lecturer, are all presumed beforehand to know something more than other people of the subjects on which they speak.

Another kind of authority is personal; that is, derived from the known wisdom and character of the teacher. This may be known to us by his reputation, or by our own past experience. A teacher comes where we are, the fame of whose wisdom, genius, and worth has preceded him, and we listen to him expecting to hear something excellent—prepared to find in him something true and noble.

Now, to the Christian, Jesus possesses both kinds of authority of which we have spoken. He has both the authority of office and that of character. He has *official* authority as the Christ, the son of God, sent by God to be the teacher of truth to men. In this capacity the authority of God belongs to him, just as we have seen that the teacher in a school or college derives authority from the known judgment or wisdom of those who appointed him. And, again, Christ has personal authority, derived from his own wisdom and goodness. And these, being without flaw in both kinds, are authority of the highest possible degree. The deference and the confidence with which we listen to his words must be unlimited, because there is no limitation on the one hand, that we can place to his own insight, nor on the other, to that secondary authority which he derives from the being who appointed him.

Nevertheless, in the particular instance before us, it would seem that the authority spoken of as belonging to Christ's teaching could be neither official nor personal. Jesus had just finished delivering the Sermon on the Mount, and we are told that the people were astonished at his doctrine, for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the Scribes. Now, the authority here spoken of could not have been official authority, for two reasons. First, because Jesus had not, at that time, claimed any official authority. He had not openly avowed himself as the Messiah, and after this period strictly forbade his disciples to tell any man that he was the Christ. And, secondly, because the Scribes *did* claim official authority—a claim which Jesus conceded to them. "The Scribes and Pharisees," he says, "sit in Moses's seat. Whatsoever, therefore, they tell you to do, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works, for they say, and do not." Jesus therefore ascribes to them official authority as teachers, but denies to them personal authority. But neither could it be intended in this passage that Jesus taught with personal authority, and that for two reasons: First, because he was at this time little known, and could have acquired little personal reputation or influence; but more especially because the authority which astonished them was something which they observed in his speech at the time. It was not a prepossession in his favour which they brought with them, but an impression made upon them.

But if the authority here spoken of as belonging to Jesus was not his official nor his personal authority, it follows that he must have possessed still another kind.

We have only to read the Sermon on the Mount to see at once wherein its authority lay. It was the authority of knowledge. He spoke of spiritual things as one speaks of realities. He did not give opinions or conjectures, but knowledge. He did not bring arguments or acute reasoning to prove the truth of his statements, but he simply stated how the thing was, and left it so. He describes the laws and facts of the heavenly world as a man describes something before his eyes. In describing a landscape which you are looking at, you do not express yourself in conjectures, nor give reasons. You do not say I think there is a tree here and a house there; but "there is a tree, and there is a house;" and to convince anyone of it who does not see these things, you do not argue, but describe.

We have, then, three kinds of authority belonging to a teacher: official authority, personal authority, and the authority of knowledge. Each of these makes teaching authoritative; that is, causes it to be received as true, independent of any proof or reason given for believing it. Jesus possessed all these kinds of authority. His teaching, in the first place, carried with it the authority of knowledge. He spoke as a man speaks who certainly knows the truth of what he says; who describes in plain, strong language, without the least vagueness, the things which he sees. The Scribes repeated over and over their theological commonplaces; repeated their scholastic definitions, quoted their authorities, and displayed their pedantic learning, all which produced great admiration for themselves, but no conviction of the truth of what they uttered. People went away and said, "What eloquent orators! What learned divines!" But they seldom touched the heart, or awakened any living sense of the awful reality of eternity. They spoke from their memory, not from their intuitions; from the head, and not from the heart. They described truth instead of expressing it; spoke of it as a blind man may speak of colours; delivered anatomical lectures over the dead corpse of religion; stating what muscles were here, and what bones there. But as they did not speak from any life within them, their teaching was merely official, and had only that kind of authority. People acquiesced in the truth of what they said; but to acquiesce in the truth of a thing is not to believe it. What a difference when Jesus rose to speak! Not repeating by rote traditions out of his memory, but describing the great truths which God's present inspiration showed him visibly before his eyes. He spoke as one would speak who should see the heavenly city, the New Jerusalem, come out of the sky with all its battlements, palaces, golden domes and silvery spires, in a glory of light and splendour, while earth below vanishes away in gray mist and vapour. A thousand images and illustrations came flocking to his aid from every department of nature. All the actions of man below became the happiest illustrations of the kingdom from above. The doings of little children, of farmers, merchants, those who feast and those who mourn, the parent with his sons, the traveller between Jerusalem and Jericho, the beggar by the highway, the birds flying over his head, the flowers spotting the meadows below, on fire with the tints of summer,—all were at hand to furnish him with language, which sounded no doubt very homely and vulgar to the *literati* and the learned, but which took hold of the hearts of the common people. Language came up to him from the earth with which to express the truth which looked down upon him from heaven. Before such knowledge as this the minds of the people were bowed, as a field of wheat bends before the steady summer breeze.

There is no other example of such teaching in all history. Yet teaching, if it is ever to be truly effective, must have something of this element of knowledge. Let there be ever so much of official authority, or personal authority, it can do very little good except it be accompanied also with the authority of knowledge. He who teaches from his memory may astonish us by his learning; but he who speaks from the heart, what he has himself experienced, can alone give us real conviction of its truth. Louis XIV. expressed this distinction in describing the two great preachers of his court, Bossuet and Massillon. "When I hear Bossuet," said he, "I go away astonished at the greatness of the orator. When I hear Father Massillon, I go away thinking of my own sin."

The first authority which belonged to Jesus was that of knowledge. Afterwards was added to it those of person and office. As his wonderful character became known it became the object of reverence, and the words of this holy being gathered new weight from the grateful love which opened to them the gates of the heart. The sister of Lazarus, grateful to the wonderful being who had restored her brother from the grave, sat at his feet and listened to his words with a more profound attention. And, afterwards, when he became fully recognised as the Christ,

God's holy son, his ambassador and representative in the world, a new authority was added to all that he said.

But there are some who object to believing in any religious truth on the ground of authority. They believe that truth should be accepted because it is true, and not for any other reason. But this demand seems not in accordance with the laws of human nature. Authority, necessarily attends on the words of every true teacher, and makes what he says seem true. A thing will seem true when one person says it, which would not seem true if another said it. We are prepossessed against one teacher and in favour of another; and this prejudice opens the mind to what they say, or closes it. It is perfectly correct to assert that we cannot believe a thing until it seems true; but it is equally correct to say that the authority of the teacher more than anything else, perhaps, enables us to see the truth of what he says. The belief that a teacher is of God, that he is sincere and disinterested, that he has a deep personal knowledge of the truth of what he says—all this places the mind in a most receptive state, removes prejudice, quiets the spirit of scepticism, and makes a moral preparation which is an almost indispensable one to enable us to see moral truth.

The mind which is incapable of such reverence; which can only question and criticise and pull to pieces; which has no instinct of reverence for nobleness, generosity, heroism, is essentially mean and vulgar.

A person, then, with a due reverence for the authority of Jesus, will study all his words with the full conviction that they contain vital and important truth. If he cannot understand them, if they seem to contradict other truths, he does not, on that account, reject or set them aside; nor, on the other hand, pretend to see their truth while they seem thus contradictory. But he continues to examine them, patiently waiting till the light shall dawn, and he shall be able to see their truth; waiting till some new experience in life or some mental growth shall lift him to the plane where he can understand them, being quite sure that from earnestness, reverence, and goodwill no essential truth shall remain always concealed; sure, also, that nothing is gained by pretending to believe, or by saying that he believes, until he really sees the truth itself.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF AUGUST.

It is a singular fact in the history of mankind that the most bitter strife which has ever arisen between parties, the most demoniac cruelty, and the bloodiest carnage, have been in connection with the so-called "religious wars." It also strikes the student of human nature with wonder that some of the foulest treachery ever known upon earth has been the work of a woman's hand. The massacre of St. Bartholomew is one of the most fearful instances of the ruin that can be wrought by religious bigotry and the machinations of a female fiend. Catherine de Medicis, Regent of France during the minority of her son, Charles IX., was a woman of boundless energy and indescribable depravity. Caring little for religion in itself, although very prone to superstition, she was an enemy to Protestantism, chiefly because its principles were opposed to the absolute despotism which she desired to maintain.

In the sixteenth century it would almost have been regarded as impious to affirm that error or heresy was not to be pursued and punished. Even the reformers themselves had not yet awakened to the principle that man has a right to believe that which appears to his conscience to be true, and that he should not endeavour to constrain the religious faith of his neighbour. The doctrine of toleration was unknown among the members of the bitterly opposing parties, and they met to settle their difficulties on fields of blood. Civil war raged with terrible ferocity throughout France. Led by the Guises, the Catholics made terrible headway against their adversaries, whom they outnumbered six to one. The Protestants seemed only to struggle in self-defence. Coligny and the Prince of Condé were doing their uttermost, while the great hope of their party, Henry of Navarre,

was held enthralled by the court beauties employed by Catherine de Medicis to corrupt men she regarded as dangerous.

The completeness of Catherine's scheme for winning this prince to her cause will be seen in the marriage between him and the haughty Maguerite de Valois, sister of Charles IX. This weak-brained prince, who in the meantime had attained his majority, still remained a mere tool in the hands of his unscrupulous mother, and between them they arranged one of the foulest plots ever conceived by mortals, which was to be executed under the cover of the wedding festivities. A sort of hollow peace had been concluded between the combatants in 1570. Open hostilities were concluded, and the distracted realm was in the enjoyment of one of those delusive calms which precede a storm. This circumstance gave the wily Catherine an opportunity to summon all the most important Protestant leaders to Paris. Nearly all responded to the invitation, but a few, suspicious of a snare, declined. One nobleman remarked to his friends, "If the wedding be celebrated at Paris, the liveries will be very crimson."

The brave Coligny was drawn to Paris. Not only were the friendly protestations of Charles apparently sincere, but he even offered the old admiral an important office in the council of the State, the better to blind the party which he represented. The day appointed for the wedding approached, and meanwhile the king and his infamous mother deliberated in secret council whether or no the bridegroom should be included in the list of victims. It may have been that Catherine did not care to lift her hand against the husband of her child, but it was decided that Henry of Navarre should be spared.

On the 17th of August, 1572, the marriage took place, followed by the sumptuous entertainments that usually accompany a royal alliance. The Pope, who was unaware of the hideous acts in contemplation, became alarmed at the friendly relations that had been apparently established between Protestants and Catholics, and sent a legate to France whose business it was to expostulate with Charles. The monarch replied to his visitor: "I do devoutly wish I could tell you all. In a little time the Holy Father shall have reason to praise my zeal in behalf of the faith."

On the 22nd of August, Coligny requested permission to retire from the capital. Then it was that the first shot was fired. On his way to his lodgings the bullet of an assassin pierced the old man's breast. The Protestants were wild with consternation. All their leaders had been enticed to Paris, and danger was in the very air.

Another day of comparative quiet passed, though the Huguenots dreaded they knew not what. Further to allay all suspicion, the king planned a magnificent entertainment for the evening of Saturday. The morrow would be the day of St. Bartholomew. All arrangements were intrusted to the vehement and bloodthirsty Duke of Guise. Troops were stationed in important positions, and the Catholic population secretly armed. For the greater security of the Catholics, they were enjoined to wear upon their hats a white cross which might be distinguished in the darkness. The conspiracy was by no means confined to Paris; its seeds had been disseminated throughout the kingdom, and the storm was to burst simultaneously in the provinces and the capital.

History tells us that at the last moment the cowardly heart of Charles IX. quailed at the thought of his awful work. He hesitated when the time for giving the signal arrived, and it was only when urged on by his fiendish mother that he found courage to order the alarm-bell to be rung. This was the preconcerted signal for the beginning of those fearful acts of carnage that make men shudder to hear of them after the lapse of three centuries. "The sights that met the eye upon that awful night," says one of our eminent historians, "were enough to appal the stoutest heart. Murderers, with wild outcries, rushed in all directions in pursuit of their victims. Women and children in their night-clothes ran frantically through the streets, uttering

piercing shrieks. The mangled bodies of the young and of the old, of males and females, were strewn everywhere about, and the pavements were slippery with blood."

The annals of the world are filled with narratives of crime and woe, but the massacre of St. Bartholomew stands probably without a parallel. The massacre was continued in the city and throughout the kingdom for a week, and it is computed that from eighty to one hundred thousand Protestants were slain in France. The messenger who carried the news to Rome was received with transports of joy, and rewarded with a thousand pieces of gold. Cannons were fired, bells were rung, and an immense procession, with all the trappings of sacerdotal rejoicing, paraded through the streets. Thus the Romish Church celebrated an event which, contemplated in all its aspects of perfidy, cruelty, and cowardice, must be pronounced one of the greatest crimes recorded in history.

THE MISSIONARY.

From midnight oil, on errand high,
I saw him issue forth to light,
To join the true, the free, the brave,
Who work for God, for man, for right.

From home and earth, and ties divine,
Through scenes of dark and struggling life,
He hies with truth and life anew,
To help those falling in the strife.

From street to street, from lane to lane,
With heart so true and fond to bless,
He seeks the lone, forsaken ones
With looks and tones of kindliness.

Through sad neglect or direful pain
He finds their spirits needing prayer
And then with sweet and sacred power,
He pours the balm of comfort there.

That prayer had lifted once again
Those downcast spirits up to God,
And poured a light, a trust, a hope
Through every soul in that abode.

His work for God, so well begun,
On man has proved surpassing kind,
That on he sped in faithful zeal,
More fall'n and downpress'd ones to find.

W. O. M'Gowan.

The Manse, Ravara.

THE COUPLE WHO CODDLE THEMSELVES.

By Charles Dickens.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrywinkle are a couple who coddle themselves; and the venerable Mrs. Chopper (Mrs. Merrywinkle's mother) is an aider and abettor in the same.

Mr. Merrywinkle is a rather lean and long-necked gentleman, middle-aged and middle-sized, and usually troubled with a cold in the head. Mrs. Merrywinkle is a delicate-looking lady, with very light hair; and is exceedingly subject to the same unpleasant disorder. The venerable Mrs. Chopper—(who is strictly entitled to the appellation, her daughter not being very young, otherwise than by courtesy, at the time of her marriage, which was some years ago)—is a mysterious old lady who lurks behind a pair of spectacles, and is afflicted with a chronic disease, respecting which she has taken a vast deal of medical advice, and referred to a vast number of medical books, without meeting any definition of symptoms that at all suits her, or enables her to say, "That's my complaint!" Indeed, the absence of authentic information upon the subject of this complaint would seem to be Mrs. Chopper's greatest ill, as in all other respects she is an uncommonly hale and hearty gentlewoman.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Chopper wear an extraordinary quantity of flannel, and have a habit of putting their feet in hot water to an unnatural extent. They likewise indulge in camomile tea, and such-like compounds, and rub themselves on the slightest provocation with camphorated spirits, and other lotions applicable to mumps, sore throat, rheumatism, or lumbago.

If anybody happens to call, Mrs. Merrywinkle opines that they must assuredly be mad, and her first salutation is, "Why, what in the name of goodness can bring you out in such weather? You know you *must* catch your death." This assurance is corroborated by Mrs. Chopper, who adds, in further confirmation, a dismal legend concerning an individual of her acquaintance who, making a call under

precisely parallel circumstances, and being then in the best health and spirits, expired in forty-eight hours afterwards, of a complication of inflammatory disorders. The visitor, rendered not altogether comfortable perhaps by this and other precedents, inquires very affectionately after Mr. Merrywinkle, but by so doing brings about no change of the subject; for Mr. Merrywinkle's name is inseparably connected with his complaints, and his complaints are inseparably connected with Mrs. Merrywinkle's; and when these are done with, Mrs. Chopper, who has been biding her time, cuts in with the chronic disorder—a subject upon which the amiable old lady never leaves off speaking until she is left alone, and very often not then.

But Mr. Merrywinkle comes home to dinner. He is received by Mrs. Merrywinkle and Mrs. Chopper, who, on his remarking that he thinks his feet are damp, turn pale as ashes, and drag him up stairs, imploring him to have them rubbed down directly with a dry coarse towel. Rubbed they are, one by Mrs. Merrywinkle, and one by Mrs. Chopper, until the friction causes Mr. Merrywinkle to make horrible faces, and look as if he had been smelling very powerful onions; when they desist, and the patient provided for his better security with thick worsted stockings and list slippers, is borne down stairs to dinner. Now, the dinner is always a good one, the appetites of the diners being delicate, and requiring a little of what Mrs. Merrywinkle calls "tittivation;" the secret of which is understood to lie in good cookery and tasteful spices, and which process is so successfully performed in the present instance, that both Mr. and Mrs. Merrywinkle eat a remarkably good dinner, and even the afflicted Mrs. Chopper wields her knife and fork with much of the spirit and elasticity of youth. But Mr. Merrywinkle even in his desire to gratify his appetite, is not unmindful of his health; for he has a bottle of carbonate of soda with which to qualify his porter and a little pair of scales in which to weigh it out. Neither in his anxiety to take care of his body is he unmindful of the welfare of his immortal part, as he always prays that for what he is going to receive he may be made truly thankful, and in order that he may be as thankful as possible, eats and drinks to the utmost.

Either from eating and drinking so much, or from one more constitutional infirmity, Mr. Merrywinkle after two or three glasses of wine falls fast asleep; and he has scarcely closed his eyes, when Mrs. Merrywinkle and Mrs. Chopper fall fast asleep likewise. It is on awakening at tea time that their most alarming symptoms prevail; for then Mr. Merrywinkle feels as if his temples were tightly bound round with the chain of the street door; and Mrs. Merrywinkle as if she had made a hearty dinner of half-hundred weights; and Mrs. Chopper as if cold water were running down her back, and oyster knives with sharp points were plunging of their own accord into her ribs. Symptoms like these are enough to make people peevish, and no wonder that they remain so until supper time, doing little more than doze and complain, unless Mr. Merrywinkle calls out very loud to a servant "to keep that draught out," or rushes into the passage to flourish his fist in the countenance of the postman, for daring to give such a knock as he has just performed, at the door of a private gentleman with nerves.

Supper, coming after dinner, should consist of some gentle provocative; and therefore the tittivating art is again in requisition, and again done honour to by Mr. and Mrs. Merrywinkle, still comforted and abetted by Mrs. Chopper. After supper, it is ten to one but the last-named old lady becomes worse, and is led off to bed with the chronic complaint in full vigour, while Mrs. Merrywinkle, takes four small pills, with a spasmodic look between each, and finally comes to something hot and fragrant out of another little saucepan, which serves as her composing-draught for the night.

There is another kind of couple who coddle themselves, and who do so at a cheaper rate and on more spare diet, because they are niggardly and parsimonious; for which reason they are kind enough to coddle their visi-

tors too. It is unnecessary to describe them, for our readers may rest assured of the accuracy of these general principles: that all couples who coddle themselves are selfish and slothful, that they charge upon every wind that blows, every rain that falls, and every vapour that hangs in the air, the evils which arise from their own imprudence or the gloom which is engendered in their own tempers; and that all men and women, in couples or otherwise, who fall into exclusive habits of self-indulgence, and forget their natural sympathy and close connection with everybody and everything in the world around them, not only neglect the first duty of life, but, by a happy retributive justice, deprive themselves of its truest and best enjoyment.

IN VIEW OF DEATH.

An Adventure with a Lion.

The large collection of wild animals brought by the Prince of Wales from India has brought to memory many stories about such creatures. There is one story, some years old, which when I first heard was full of interest, as it detailed the experience of a mortal like myself in view of death, threatened by the jaws of a fierce lion.

It was one night in the month of September, 1865, a large inn was destroyed by fire. In a field, a short distance from the inn, a menagerie of wild beasts had been exhibited to a wondering and delighted audience on the afternoon of the same day.

In the stables attached to the inn, the animals had been confined in their cages; and as the fire did not commence before twelve o'clock, the keepers had retired to their beds, and were resting after the fatigues of the day. Suddenly the sleepers were aroused from their slumbers by the cry of "Fire!" Hastily rising, the inmates of the inn rushed out of doors, and discovered that the stables adjoining the building were on fire, and the flames were bursting forth in all directions. Soon the engines arrived, and the firemen commenced to pour streams of water upon the burning building. So quickly did the flames do their work, that in a short time the stables were but a heap of ruins.

During the confusion occasioned by the fire, some of the wild beasts had escaped, and several of them were roaming about the fields.

About six o'clock on the following morning I started from my home—a distance of about five miles, and as I was walking along the public road, I observed a large brown animal slowly advancing in the middle of the road, and to my intense surprise I perceived it was a magnificent lion, which had escaped during the night, and was enjoying its new-found liberty. I stopped in fear and trembling, and took refuge under a gateway that seemed to invite me to seek protection beneath it. I was in hopes the lion would not discover me; but, to my regret, I perceived that it was approaching the gateway with its terrible eyes fixed upon my trembling form.

The magnificent brute advanced to within thirty-five feet of the spot where I awaited my awful doom. With a low, deep growl, the majestic animal paused, and crouching down, seemed prepared to spring upon me. Great drops of perspiration burst forth upon my forehead, and my blood seemed to be frozen in my veins. I was fascinated by the glare of his terrible eyes, and could not for one moment withdraw my awe-struck gaze from those living lamps of death, but returned its fiery glances with eyes distended by fear and horror. Oh! the agony of those few minutes, in which years of pain and suffering seemed to be condensed. I felt powerless to move hand or foot; but stood like a marble statue, and hardly dared to breathe.

The trees and hedges now appeared to be gifted with life and motion, and seemed to advance and retire, and then to join in a wild dance around me; the air was full of sounds of laughter and sighing, while I thought I heard the voices of those I had loved and lost whispering in my ears, and with words of encouragement endeavouring to calm my fears. Beautiful colours of red and gold, sapphire and emerald, floated in the air, mingled with flowers of every

hue that seemed to spring up around me. Then my thoughts wandered away to my happy home, where my little ones were perhaps seated at their morning meal, and talking about the loved parent they might never see again. A vision of my past life appeared. I saw myself as the boy, the youth, and as the man; while the incidents of more than forty years seemed to pass before me. During this period, that seemed to me to be of such long duration, but which could only have been but a few moments of time, the lion had not moved; but suddenly my thoughts came back to me, and I realised that I stood powerless in the presence of the dreadful brute. I can only account for the lion not springing upon me and tearing me to pieces, by the fact that I stood perfectly still, and did not make the slightest movement; thereby seeming to the animal to be not a thing of life, but an inanimate object. While I gazed upon my enemy I made a slight movement; instantly a low, deep sound like muffled thunder sounded in my ears, and I perceived, by the lion lashing his sides with his tail, that it was about to spring upon me. Human nature could contain itself no longer, but burst forth in one fearful shriek of horror and despair. So loud and agonising was my cry, that the lion started to his feet, and, with a dreadful roar, erected its flowing mane and glared upon me with flashing eyes. At this awful moment, a shout from the keepers of the menagerie, who were searching for the beast, and who had heard my despairing cry and the answer-roar of the lion, came from the field on the right-hand side of the road.

The sagacious brute hearing the voices of the keepers, which undoubtedly it recognised, sprang across the road and darted away. The keepers followed his retreating form, and after a long search found it in a ditch, where he was devouring an unfortunate calf that it had killed.

Having provided themselves with a large net, the keepers threw it over the mighty brute, and quickly effected its capture. What I felt when I realised that I had escaped from the most awful peril, no one can describe. With a grateful heart and thankful prayers to that Almighty being who had held me in the hollow of His hand, and spread His protecting wing over me, I returned to my home, feeling so prostrated by the effects of my adventure that my strength appeared to have almost deserted me; and I was compelled to recline for several hours upon the sofa before I could regain my tranquillity of mind or recover from the effects of my fear.

This is a truthful narration of the feelings of a human being who had stood face to face with death.

THE OLD PASTOR'S DISMISSAL.

By Elizabeth Cumings.

"We need a younger man to stir the people
And lead them to the fold,"
The deacons said; "we ask your resignation,
Because—you're growing old."
The pastor bowed his deacons out in silence,
And tenderly the gloom
Of twilight hid him and his bitter anguish
Within the lonely room.

Above the violet hills the sunlight's glory
Hung like a crown of gold,
And from the great church spire the bell's sweet anthem
Adown the stillness rolled.
Assembled were the people for God's worship;
But in his study chair
The pastor sat unheeding, while the south wind
Caressed his snow-white hair.

A smile lay on his lips. His was the secret
Of sorrow's glad surcease.
Upon his forehead shone the benediction
Of everlasting peace.
"The ways of Providence are most mysterious,"
The deacons gravely said,
As wondering eyes, and scared, the people crowded
About their pastor—dead.

"We loved him!" wrote the people on the coffin,
In words of shining gold;
And 'bove the broken heart they set a statue
Of marble, white and cold.
The end? Ah no, the undiscovered country
Somewhere in brightness lies;
Though only space and stars may be discerned
By man's short-sighted eyes.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

BISMARCK.—At a recent school examination near Bonn, the question was asked, "Who is to blame for the division of the Jewish empire after the death of Solomon?" And a girl promptly answered, "Bismarck."

A SAFE ANSWER.—"Are you a Christian?" asked one of Mr. Moody's assistants at an inquiry-meeting of a hard-looking customer, who had taken a front seat. "No," he answered sadly, "I'm a plumber." It was a hopeless case.

SONG SAINTSHIP.—A young lady dressed in much false hair was warbling at the piano, and when her mother summoned her to assist in some household duties, her rosy lips opened poutingly and snapped out, "O, do it yourself!" And then went on singing, "Kind words can never die."

WHICH IS THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.—A Chinaman in San Francisco was rudely pushed into the mud from a street crossing by an American. He picked himself up very calmly, shook off some of the mud, bowed very politely, and said, with a mild, reproving tone, to the offender, "You Christian, me heathen; good-bye!"

SCOFFERS REPROVED.—A train was carrying a clergyman and five or six youths, who kept scoffing at religion and telling disagreeable stories. The good man endured it all, simply remarking as he got out, "We shall meet again, my children." "Why shall we meet again?" said the leader of the band. "Because I am a prison chaplain," was the reply.

A DOG STORY.—A correspondent of *Land and Water* vouches for the following:—"A Radnorshire lady, who was married in March, and came to reside in Yorkshire, recently paid a visit to her father, who, before she was married, had kept two or three sheep-dogs, of which she was very fond. Since then he has retired from business, and disposed of all but one dog. This one met the lady with demonstrations of great delight upon her arrival at her father's house, and that night the dog went a distance of seven miles to a farm-house where one of the other dogs had been sent (the latter was blind, but kept as being an old favourite). In the morning, when the lady went to the door, she saw not only the dog which had given her such a glad reception the day previously, but also the old blind one, which had evidently been brought by the other dog to welcome her. When the second night came the old blind one was taken back to its home by the same dog, which afterwards returned, having travelled a distance of twenty-eight miles to give pleasure to his old blind friend."

AROUSING SLEEPERS.—The Rev. Mr. Dunlop, of Dumfries, would never allow any of his congregation to sleep in church, if his eye caught them. One day he suddenly stopped his sermon and said, "I doot some o' ye hae taen ower mony wheyporridge the day; sit up or I'll name ye oot."

AVOIDING DANGER.—A pious old lady, while trudging along a dusty road on a sultry day, refused an invitation to ride with a liberal Christian, because "if she should ride with the Universalist she might be converted from her religion." Not much danger of so cautious a soul being lost to her Church.

THE COLD SHOULDER.—Jones sat down in his dining-room at peace with all the world, and said: "Now Hannah, bring the cold mutton. No hot meat for me this weather." Hannah hesitated for a minute and said, "But I gave it away, sir!" "Gave it away! Give my dinner away?" "Yes, sir. You said if any tramps called I was to give them the cold shoulder."

PLAIN SPEAKING.—Dr. Parr, having naturally a weak voice, submitted to the churchwardens of Dalston, near Carlisle (of which place he was the vicar), the propriety of having a sounding box put over his pulpit. While the matter was before the vestry, "Oh!" said a thrifty farmer, "if the doctor would but speak as loud in the pulpit as on christening and tithe days, faith I think there would be no occasion to put the parish to the expense of a sounding box." The doctor, with his characteristic mildness, retorted, "Friend, you are mistaken, you hear much better out of church than in it. When a man's worldly interest is concerned, he is so sharp-eared that he can even hear a whisper; but the preacher needs the voice of John the Baptist to rouse the sleepers." This silenced the satirical farmer, who felt conscious of having frequently indulged in a nap during the doctor's sermon.

THE following are the terms for supplying the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN and RECORD OF UNITARIAN WORTHIES, post free:—

	s.	d.
1 copy, per year	2	0
2 copies „	3	6
3 „ „	5	6
5 „ „	6	0

Twelve copies and upward at 1d. per copy, post free.

Communications to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 19, Mornington-road, Bow-road, London, E.

Printed by GEORGE REVEIRS, (successor to SAMUEL TAYLOR), Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and the trade supplied by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.